

THE  
FAERIE LEVELLER:

O R,

King C H A R L E S his Leveller descri-  
ed and deciphered in Queene E L I Z A-  
B E T H s dayes.

By her Poet Laureat *Edmond Spenser*, in his unparalleled  
Poeme, entituled,

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

A lively representation of our times.

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*Anagram:*

Parliaments Army.  
Paricie mar'sal men.

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Printed just levell anens the Saints Army : in the yeare of their  
Saintships ungodly Revelling for a godly Levelling. 1648.

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*A necessary Preface opening the Allegory.*

Eader, thou art here presented with a resplendent Jewell, taken out of a full Cabinet; but it not every ones purchase: besides, not of so speciall marke or regard there, in so great an heape, as here being call'd out by it selfe, and set forth for present use: slight it not, because it is not the publishers owne invention: who does esteem the Spyders webbe any whit the better, for that it is spunne out of her owne Intralls? or like hony the worse, for that the industrious Bee gathers it from Flowers abroad? here is meat out of the Eater, sweet hony to be found in the carkasse of a slaine Lyon; do thou but with *Jonahas* taste of it, and thou shalt have thy sight cleared in some remarkable matters, which before thou didst not discerne, or observe: thou hast here plainly discovered to publicke view, the mischievous condition, the malicious disposition, the presumptuous enterprizes, the tumultuous practises; in a word, the dangerous doings of these pernicious Sectaries, the confounders of orders, the movers of Sedition, the disturbers of Peace, the subverters of well-settled States (if they be not timely met with and prevented by justice) lately risen up and now raiguing amongst us, by the name of Levellers; they were discryed long agoe in Quene *Elizabets* dayes, and then graphically described by the Prince of English Poets *Edmund Spenser*, whose verses then propheticall are now become historicall in our dayes, I have now revised, and newly published them for the undeceiving of simple people, too apt to be induc'd into an high conceit and overweening opinion of such Deceivers, and too ready to be seduced by their specious pretences of reducing all to a just equality, and telloring all to their rights and libertie: whereas on the contrary their endeavour is evi-

dent to take away every mans propriety ; and to bring all under Hayet to themselves. The Booke out of which this fragment is taken (called the *Fao, y Queens*) is altogether Allegoricall , and needes a little explanation : the drift and intention of the Author in it , is to set forth a compleat Gentleman ; accomplithe with all vertues adorning a truly noble Person. The first Booke containes the Legend of Justice , the most universall vertue. In the second Canto *Arthigall* the Champion of Justice , with the assistance of *Talus* his Groome betokening execution of Law , having overcome all illegal arbitrarie opprestive power ; under the person of *Pollente*, a barborous Saracen , Strengthened by his Daughter *Maura* importuning bribes and taxes : He proceeds to suppress the Gyant Ring-leader to the faction of Levellers , or applying all to these times; I suppose I may briefly give you this key of the work.

*Arthigall Prince of justice.* King Charles.

*Talus his Executioner With his yron stoyle.* The Kings forces , or Gregory.

*Pollente an oppressing Saracen.* The prevalent over awing Faction in the two Houses.

*Munera his assistant.* The intolerable Tax-taisers , the Countrey Committees , Sequestrators and Excize-men : These must first be apprehended and brought to justice , ere the Army be quelled.

*The Gyant Leveler.* Col. Oliver Cromwell , L. G. of the Sts. Army : the Letters of whose name fall into this Anagram.

*Oliver Cromwell. Com e our vil Leveler.*

On the constant report of whose death , take for an Epitaph that of the Poet . — *Mors Soeptra ligonibus aquat.*

Death which the Scupper levels with the spade ,  
His fellow levellers Cromwell's Grave h'v made.

So I dismiss him with that of the Traitor *Judas* , Act. i. 25.  
*Who by transgression fell, that he might go to his owne place.* And his complices wch. *Thomas Sternebold* , version of the 10. v. of the 3. Psalme.

Destroy their falle confiracie, that they may come to naught ?

Subvert them in their heape of mire, that have rebellion wrought.

There followeth a brief introductory transition from the foregoing to the ensuing part of the Canto.

T H B

THE FAERPE LEVELER.

*Arthegall with his Groome Talus  
having Pollente queld  
And drown'd his Daugther Munera,  
they on their journey wel'd.*

**I**N which they measur'd mickle weary way,  
Till that at length nigh to the Sea they drew ;  
By which as they did travaile on a day ,  
They saw before them far as they could view ,  
Full many people gathered in a crew .  
Whose great assembly they did much admire ;  
For never there the like resort they knew :  
So towards them they Coasted to enquire  
What thing so many Nations met , did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand  
Upon a Rock , and holding forth on high  
An huge great paire of Ballance in his hand ;  
With which he boasted in his surpedry ,  
That all the world he wold waigh equally ;  
If ought he hid the flame to counterpoys :  
For want whereof he waighed vanity ;  
And fil'd his Ballance full of idle toyes :  
Yet was admired much of Fools , Women , and Boyes .

He said , that he wold all the earth uptake ,  
And all the Sea , divided each from either a halfe bowe :  
So wold he of the fire one Ballance make ,  
And one of th'Ayre , without of wind , or weathers :  
Then wold he Ballance Heaven and Hell together ,  
And all that did within them all containe ,  
Of all whose waight he wold not misse feather :  
And looke what surplus did of each remaine ,  
He wold to his owne part restore the same againe .

For why, he said, they all unequall were ;  
 And had entrached upon others share.  
 Like as the Sea (which plain he shewed there)  
 Had worne the earth : so did the fire the Ayre :  
 So all the rest did others parts impaire.  
 And so were Realmes, and Nations run awry :  
 All which he understande for to repaire,  
 In sort as they were formed anciently :  
 And all things would reduce to equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,  
 And cluster thick unto his leasings vaine :  
 (Like foolish Flies about a hony crooke)  
 In hope by him great benefit to gaine,  
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.  
 All which when Arthegall did see, and heate  
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine.  
 In sdainefull-wise he drew unto him neere,  
 And thus unto him spake without regard, or feare.

' Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew ;  
 ' And all things to an equal to restore,  
 ' Instead of right, me seemes, great wrong dost shew,  
 ' And far above thy forces pitch to sore ;  
 ' For ere thou list me what is lesse or more  
 ' In every thing, thou oughtest first to know  
 ' What was the poysc of every part of yore :  
 ' And looke then how muchat doth overflow,  
 ' Or failte thereof, so much is more then just to trow.  
 ' For at the first they all created were  
 ' In goodly measure, by their makers might :  
 ' And waighed out in Ballance so neare,  
 ' That not a dramme was misfing of their right.  
 ' The Earth was in the middle Center pight,  
 ' In which it doth unmoveable abide,  
 ' Hem'd in with waters, like a wall in sight :  
 ' And they with Ayre, that not a drop can slide.  
 ' All which the Heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

Sach

Such Heavenly justice doth among them reigne,

That every one do know their certaine bound,

In which they do these many yeares remaine,

And 'mongst them all no change hath yet beeene found :

But if thou now shouldest weigh them new in pound,

We are not sute they wold so long remaine :

All change is perillous, and all chance unsound :

Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,

Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

Thou foolish Elfe, said then the Gyant wrath,

Seest not how badly all things present be ?

And each estate quite out of order goeth ?

The Sea it selfe, doth thou not plainely see,

Encroach upon the Land ther under thee ?

And th' Earth it selfe how dayly its encreas'd

By all that dying to it turned be ?

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,

And from the most that sone were given to the least ?

Therefore I will throw downe those mountaines high,

And make them levell with the lowly plaine :

These towring rocks that reach unto the skie

I will thrust downe into the deepest maine :

And as they were, them equallize againe :

Tyrants that make men subject to their Law,

I will supprese that they no longer raigne,

And Lordings curbe that Commons overaw :

And all the wealth of rich-men to the poore will draw.

Of things unseene how canst thou decime aright ?

Then answered the righteous Arthegall.

Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight,

What though the Sea with waves continuall

Doe eat the Earth ? it is no more at all :

Nc is the Earth the lesse, or losseth ought :

For whatsoever from one place doth fall,

Is with the tide unto another brought ;

For there is nothing lost that may be found, if sought.

{ Like }

Likewise the Earth is not augmented more ;  
 By all that dieng into it do fade ;  
 For of the Earth they formed were of yore ;  
 However gay their blossome or their blade ;  
 Doe flourish now , they into dust shall vade ;  
 What wrong then is it , if that when they dye ,  
 They turne to that whereof they first were made ?  
 All in the power of their great maker lyte :  
 All Creatures must obey the voice of the most high .  
 They live , they dye , like as he doth ordaine :  
 Ne ever any asketh reason why ?  
 The hills do not the lowly Dales disdaine .  
 The Dales do not the lofty hills envy .  
 He maketh Kings to sit in Sovereignty .  
 He maketh Subjects to their power obey .  
 He pulleth downe , he setteth up on high .  
 He gives to this , from that he takes away :  
 For all we have is his ; what he list do he may .  
 What ever thing is done , by him is done :  
 Ne any may his mighty will withstand .  
 Ne any may his Sovereigne power shunne :  
 Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band :  
 In vaine therefore dost thou now take in hand ,  
 To call to count , or waigh his workes anew ,  
 Whose counsells depth thou canst not understand ,  
 Sith of things Subject to thy dayly view ,  
 Thou dost not know their causes nor their courses dew .  
 For take thy Ballance , (if thou be so wise )  
 And weigh the wittide that under Heaven doth blow ;  
 Or waigh the light that in the East doth rise ,  
 Or weigh the thought that from mans minde doth flow ;  
 But if the waight of these thou canst not shew ,  
 Waigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall ;  
 For how canst thou those greater secrets know ?  
 That dost not know the least thing of them all :  
 Ill can he rule the great , that cannot reach the small .

There-

Therewith the Gyant much abashed said,  
 That he of hende things made mickoning light ;  
 Yet the leas word that ever could be laid  
 Within his Ballance, he could waigh aright ;  
 Which is, said he more heavy than in waight,  
 The right or wrong ? the false or else the true ?  
 He answered that he wold try it streight ;  
 So he the words into his Ballance threw ;  
 But streight the winged wyrds out of his Ballance flew.

Wroth waxt he then, and said that words were light ;  
 Ne would within his Ballance well abide :  
 But he could justly waigh the wrong or right ;  
 Well then said Arthegall let it be try'd,  
 First in one Ballance, set the true aside ;  
 He did so first, and then the false he layd  
 In th' other scale ; but still it dowme did fide,  
 And by no meane could in the waight be staid,  
 For by no meanes the false will with the true be waig'd.

Now take the right likewise said Arthegall,  
 And counterpeise the same with somuch wrong :  
 See first the right he put into one scale ;  
 And then the Gyant strove with paissance strong  
 To fill the other scale with so much wrong ;  
 But all the wrong that he therein could lay,  
 Might notsteyne ; yet did he labour long ;  
 And swet, and chaf't, and proved every way ;  
 Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,  
 And almost wold his Ballances have broken :  
 But Arthegall him fairly gan allwage,  
 And said, be not upon thy Ballance wroken,  
 For they do nought but right or wrong betoken ;  
 But in the minde the doome of right must be ;  
 And so likewise of words the which be spoken,  
 The Eare must be the Ballance to decree,  
 And judge whether with truth or falschode they agree.

But set the truth, and let the wronges say  
 For they will wrong, and let the willnes say  
 And put two wronges together to bee say  
 Or else two faulnes of such count shal bee say  
 And then together do them both engulf  
 For truth is one, and right is ever true  
 So did he, and then shaine it did appear  
 Whether of them the greater was shaine  
 But right set in the middest of the shaine

But he the right from thence did shaine away  
 For it was not the right which he did seek, y<sup>e</sup>  
 But rather strove extremitie to weight y<sup>e</sup>  
 Th' one to diminishe, th' other to exalte, y<sup>e</sup>  
 For of the meane he greate and middelidit y<sup>e</sup>  
 Whom when so hevyly entred Taxis found  
 Approaching nigh unto him cheete by cheete  
 He sholdred him from off the highe ground

And downe the Rock him throwing, in the Sathan drownde  
 Like as a Ship which ene myn strake, y<sup>e</sup>  
 Upon a Rock with horrible dismay y<sup>e</sup>  
 Her shatterd Ribs in shamefull presentiment  
 And spoyleyng all her greate and goodly say  
 Does make herfie the Fortunes pessimes pray  
 So downe the Cliff the wretched Queene tumbld  
 His batterd Banners in peaces lay  
 His timbred bones all broken vnderly tumbld  
 So was the high aspiring with huge noise tumbld

That when the people who had these aboue  
 Long wayted, law his fforerne desolation,  
 They gan to gather in tumultuous shewe  
 And muniting to stirre up civill Faction  
 For certaine hope of so great expectation  
 For well they hoped to have got great good,  
 And wondrous riches by his innovation  
 Therefore desolwing to revenge his heald,  
 They rose in armes and all in battell ordeneed.

Which

Which Lawlesse multitude him comming to  
 In warlike wise, when Arthegall did view,  
 He much was troubled, ne wist what to doe,  
 For loath he was his noble hands t' embrew,  
 In the base blood of such a Rascall crew,  
 And otherwise if that he should retire,  
 He fear'd lest they with shame wold him pursy,  
 Therefore he Talus to them sent c'querours  
 The cause of their array, and trace far to define.  
 But soone as they him nigh approaching foy'd,  
 They 'gan with all their weapons him assay,  
 And radeily stroke at him on every side :  
 Yet nougnt they could him hurt, ne might dismay :  
 But when at them he with his Flayle 'gan bay,  
 He like a swarme of flies them overthrew :  
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,  
 But here and there before his presence flew,  
 And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view.  
 As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight  
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks fore-by the brooke :  
 The trembling Fowle dismay'd with dreadfull sight  
 Of Death the which them almoft overthrew,  
 Doe hide themselves from her affoying lookes,  
 Amongst the Flags, and covert round about :  
 When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,  
 And none appear'd of all that Rascall Rout :  
 To Arthegall he turn'd, and went with him thonghout.